

BRITAIN'S BULL DOGS

PAST AND PRESENT

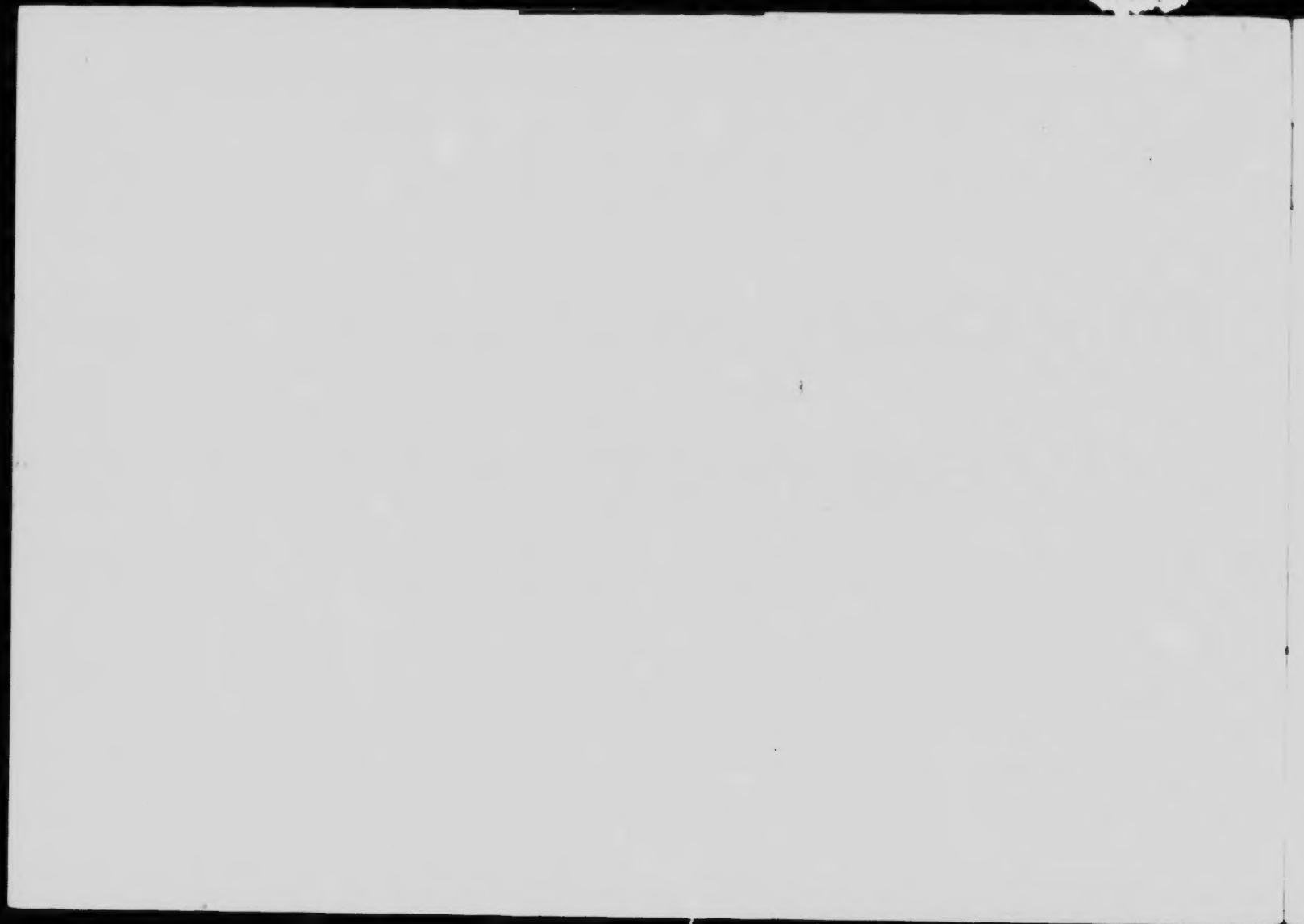


WHAT WE HAVE WE
SAFEGUARDS OF THE NATION

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Good Old Britain



Good Old Britain

NOW that "Civilization" has triumphed over "Kultur," it might do Canadians good, as part of our Great British Empire, to realize why—to appreciate the wonderful effort brought into play by the Empire—particularly by Good Old England—that modest old backbone of ours—the poorest advertiser the world has ever known, but the greatest of them all—industrially, financially as an educator, as a colonizer, and as a benefactor.

When the War commenced, the Empire had 700,000 troops of all sorts, many of them only partly trained. By May, 1916, she had recruited for the army and navy over 5,000,000 men (rich men, poor men, etc.) voluntarily.

Up to the time of signing of the Armistice she had raised 7,500,000 men and her army in France was the finest equipped and

trained army the world has ever seen (4,500,000 of these were Englishmen, recruited in England; probably 1,500,000 others were Englishmen recruited elsewhere.)

Britain's total losses have been 3,049,991, of whom nearly a million have been killed. Her armies (three-quarters of them Englishmen) have fought in East Africa, in Italy, in Egypt, in the Balkans, have crushed the Turks in Mesopotamia and Palestine, and latterly have held the greater part of the line on the Western front.

The Navy, which the Huns would never meet, commenced the War with 145,000 men and 2,500,000 tons, with 12 patrol boats. She ended it with 406,000 men 6,500,000 tons and 3,300 mine-sweepers and patrol boats.

The Navy has convoyed, the British Mercantile Marine has transported 22,000,000 men (and of these lost only 4,391 by G



man action), and among other things 2,000,000 horses and mules, 25,000,000 tons of explosives and supplies, 51,000,000 tons of oil and fuel, 130,000,000 tons of food and other supplies.

She bottled up the German navy at the commencement of the War and has kept it bottled up ever since.

The British Army and Naval Air Forces in 1914 consisted of 130 machines and 900 men; when the Armistice was signed there were many thousands of machines and tens of thousands of men—they absolutely dominated the air.

England, despite her call on man power, by a supreme effort agriculturally and industrially, has almost fed herself. She has added over 2,000,000 acres to her cultivated area, 850,000 tons of cereals and 5,000,000 tons of potatoes, reduced imports of lumber by 3,000,000 tons, replacing shortage by 1,800,000 tons of timber cut in

England, and forestry work in France for the balance.

Her plants have clothed the British, French, Italian, German, Serbian and other armies and have largely equipped them with guns, rifles, shells and aeroplanes—even our American friends have been uniformed from her mills.

In addition to 90 arsenals, Great Britain now has over 5,000 Government controlled factories, all working day and night on munitions and supplies. She has increased her steel output from 7,000,000 tons in 1914 to 12,000,000 tons in 1918. 1,000,000 of her men produced 256,348,000 tons of coal, a great deal of which went to her allies.

British women—God bless them—5,000,000 of them, many of whom had never worked in their lives before, are working for their Country in her need—270,000 are on farms.



Britain has spent \$38,000,000,000 on this War, of which \$7,325,000,000 has been loaned to her allies.

The Englishman has lived on $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of beef (or chicken) per week, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter per week, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar per week, and has faced other food restrictions we can hardly imagine. Food costs have increased 110%.

Colossal sums, and at incalculable sacrifice, have been raised for the care of the sick and wounded, for the food and comfort of prisoners and for the benefit and recreation of troops at home and abroad.

And the British birth rate is now greater than the total losses of our men during the whole War. The population has increased during the War years.

Just as England's armies in history put Napoleon Bonaparte in his place, just as her navy in Elizabethan days broke the power of all-conquering Spain, so does she now with her children—the Scotch, the Irish, the Canadians, the Australians, the New Zealanders, the South Africans, and the Indians—and are we not intensely proud to be one of them—with wonderful France, with ravished Belgium, with Italy, and latterly with still another of her offspring, the United States—from the moment she came in, a guarantee of Victory—so does she now help save this world from a greater calamity than any of them—the Kultur of the unspeakable Hun.

Good Old Britian.



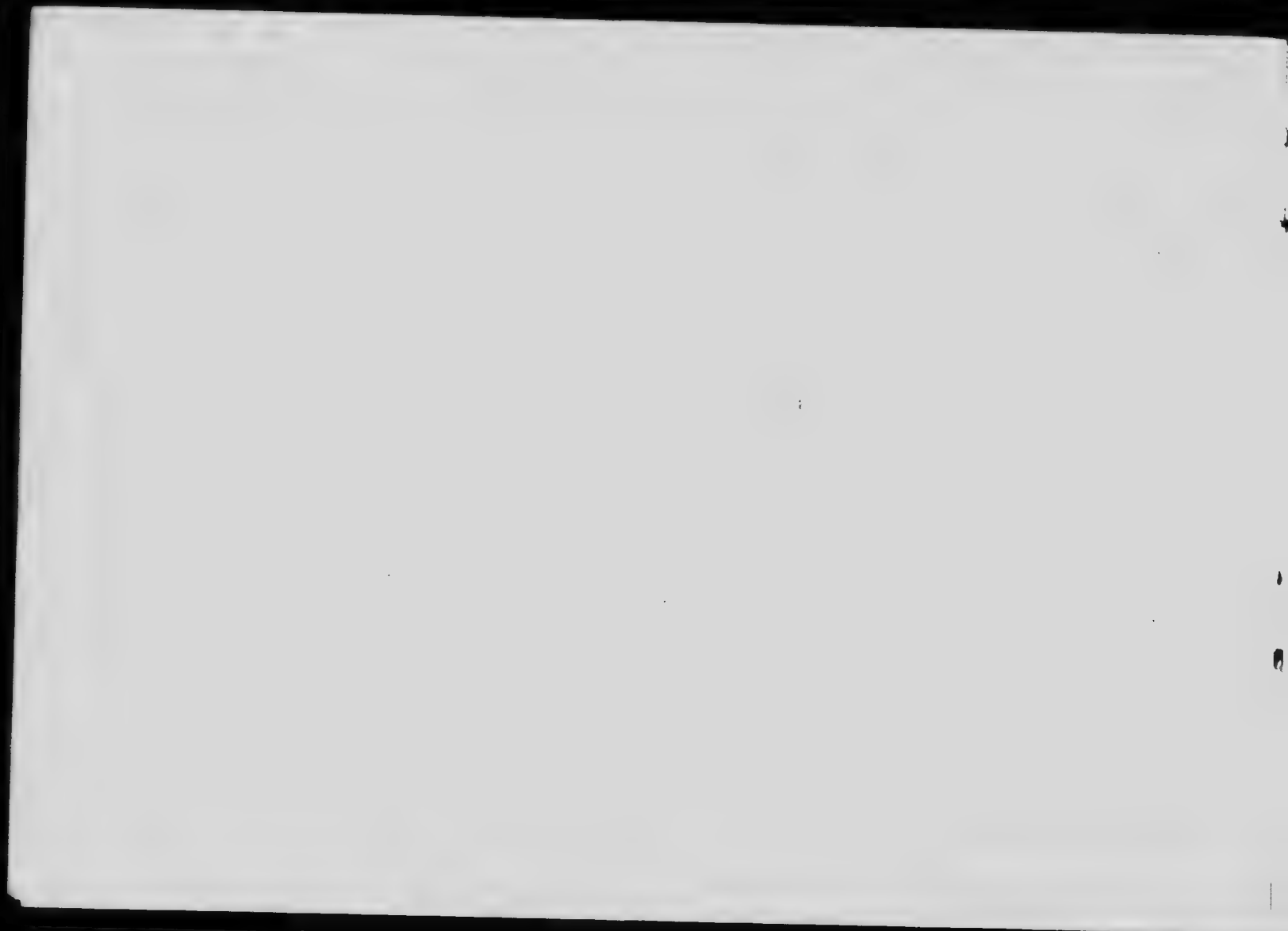


Field Marshal Earl Roberts

PRE-EMINENTLY the greatest soldier of the Victorian era, "Bobs" the beloved, beau-sabreur, gentleman, Irishman and hero with his own and his dead son's Victoria Crosses on the breast of his tunic, died at the age of 82 amidst the thunder of the guns in Flanders, and the voices of the Indian troops he gloried in, after 61 years of patriotic devotion.

Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Kabul, Kandahar and Kimberley had seen his prowess. A demigod to the Sepoy, the idol of Tommy Atkins, the hero of the British public, Lord Roberts at all times in all places did his utmost to open the blind eyes of Britain to the onward march of German ambition. To him the Empire owes such small measure of preparedness as she possessed for the coming conflict. "Bobs" task was not in vain.





Field Marshal Earl Kitchener

LORD Kitchener's loss was not merely national but international. He embodied in the eyes of our allies the militant forces of the Empire. Childless himself he yet had 5,000,000 sons. Omdurman, Khartoum, South Africa, what are they to that glorious record when from the expeditionary force of 150,000 and from military machinery fit for a petty state Kitchener envolved a fully equipped highly trained army of millions in twenty-two months? Is there any record to compare with it in any country?

In the words of Lord Roseberry, "He shrank from every invitation to popularity, he was satisfied in the shade of his office to do his duty without acclamation. There has not been a single day in his career in which Lord Kitchener did not labor with assiduity and patriotic self-devotion. In the black maw of the night, amidst the roar of many waters that engulfed the Hampshire, he died on duty."





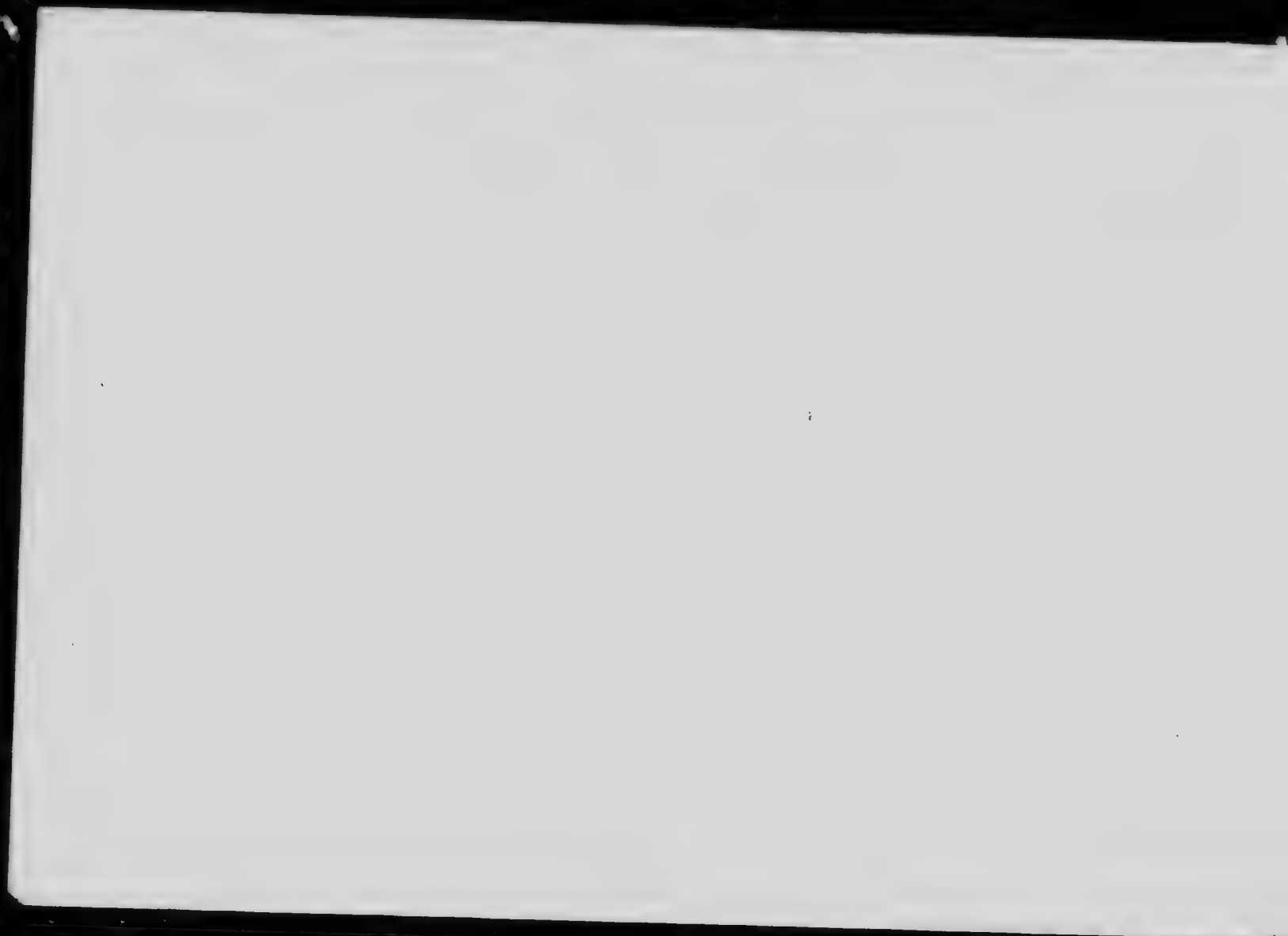
Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George

DAVID Lloyd George is the embodiment of a nationalism which shall recognise in Europe the inalienable right of life and liberty to small nations.

He alone had the courage in the dark days to take the public into his confidence in order that he might call upon them for sacrifice. He it was who recalled Kitchener from Egypt and fathered conscription. He, who with an imagination and projection which only a Celt could accomplish, set about the concentration of Britain's strength. Grown from a consummate party politician into a trusted Imperial statesman, the fire-brand dogged debater of Wales is the greatest outstanding personality in the British public life.

The government of which he is leader has lately been returned by probably the largest majority ever accorded to a British premier.



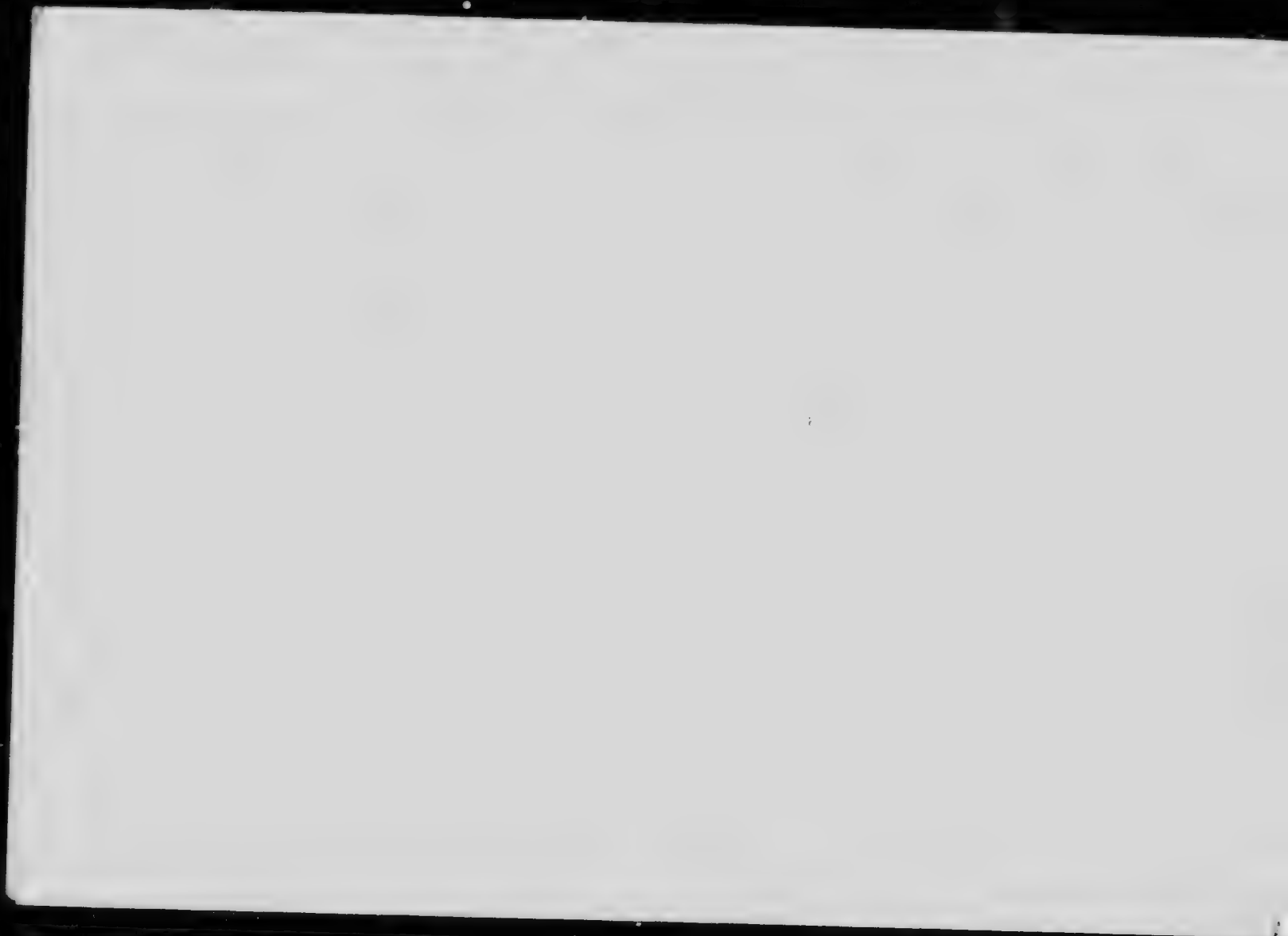


General Sir Arthur Currie

FROM a humble position in a little known Middlesex village to General Officer Commanding the veterans of Canada, that is the brilliant record of Major-General Sir Arthur Currie, K.C.M.G., D.S.O. Among the first Canadians to enlist, his promotion was rapid and his achievements brilliant. His proud boast is that his division never lost a trench. Fearless in war, popular with all ranks he is known as the lucky general.

An Anglican, a Liberal and a Mason, he was a strong supporter of conscription, "A repeal of the Military Service Act", said he, "would alienate Canada from the reputable portion of mankind". He, with his storm-troop Canadians, won undying glory at Ypres, the Somme, Courcelette, Thieval and Vimy Ridge. He was the first general to take the troops into his confidence with regard to his plans and tricked the Hun most successfully more than once.



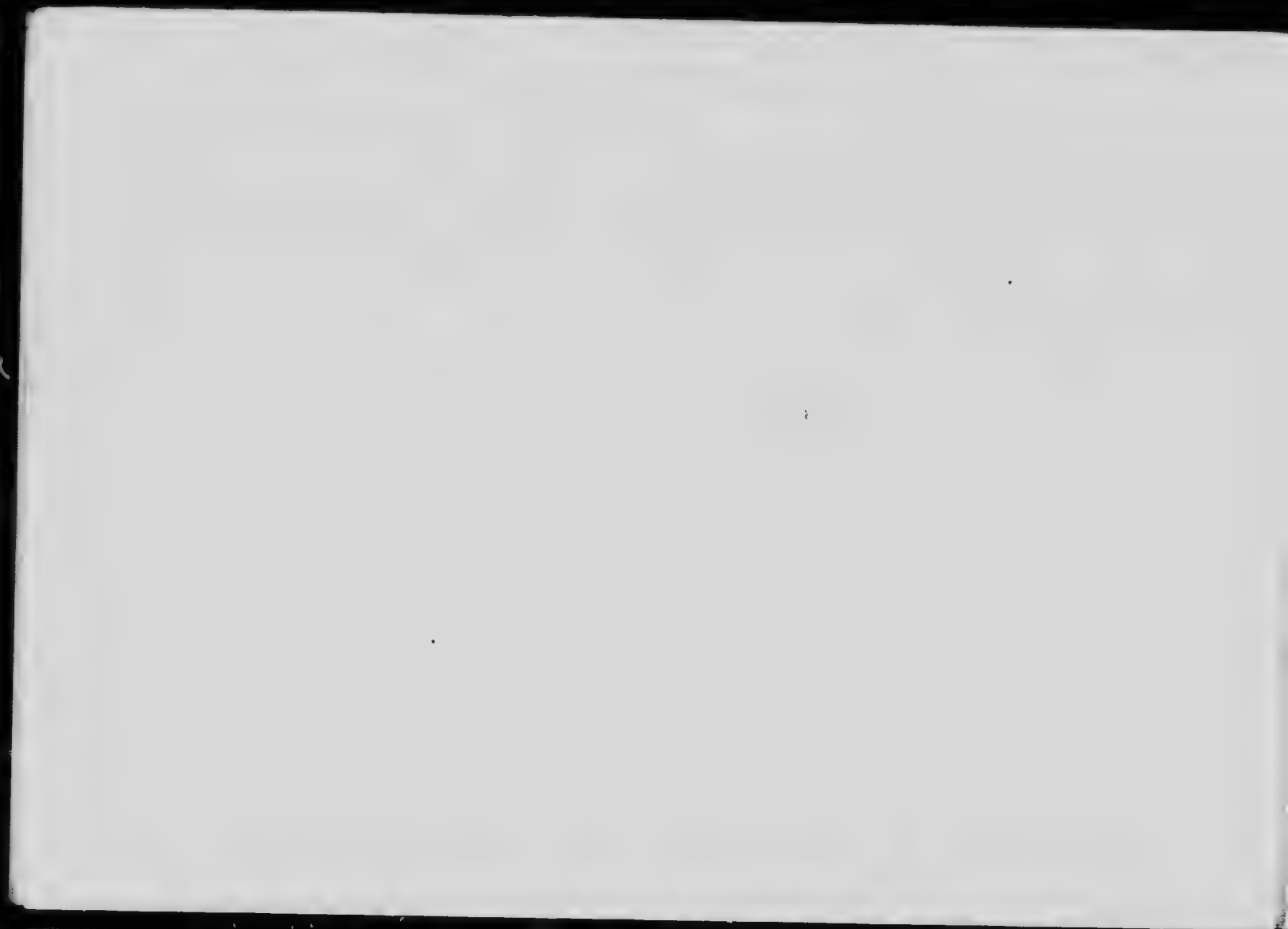


Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig

LEGS of Steel", as the poilu calls him, Sir Douglas Haig, has seen more fighting than any soldier past or present, not excepting Wellington and is beyond doubt the best of our fighting generals.

This sincere evangelical Scotch Cavalryman born in the purple, is as scientific as a soldier as he was dashing as a polo player. With perfect assurance in the handling of great problems, quiet, masterful and bold, the army respects his greatness, trusts his leadership, honours his humanity. His hammer blows repeated year by year and month by month, have done more to smash a system claimed to be impregnable, than the fourteen clauses of President Wilson.





Field Marshal Viscount French of Ypres

WHEN the whole story of the war comes to be known", said Lord Roberts, "the masterly way in which the retreat from Mons, under vastly superior numbers, was carried out, will be remembered as one of the finest military exploits ever achieved". The man who achieved it was Lord French past-master in the art of war, to whom soldiering was as the air he breathed. It was his contemptible little army of 80,000 men with both flanks in the air, without supports and with its left enveloped by Von Kluck, which retreated sullenly, stubbornly past the forts of Maubeuge, past the forest of Mormal, stemming the German tide which flowed through Northern France, then counter-attacked to hurl the enemy back beyond the Aisne.



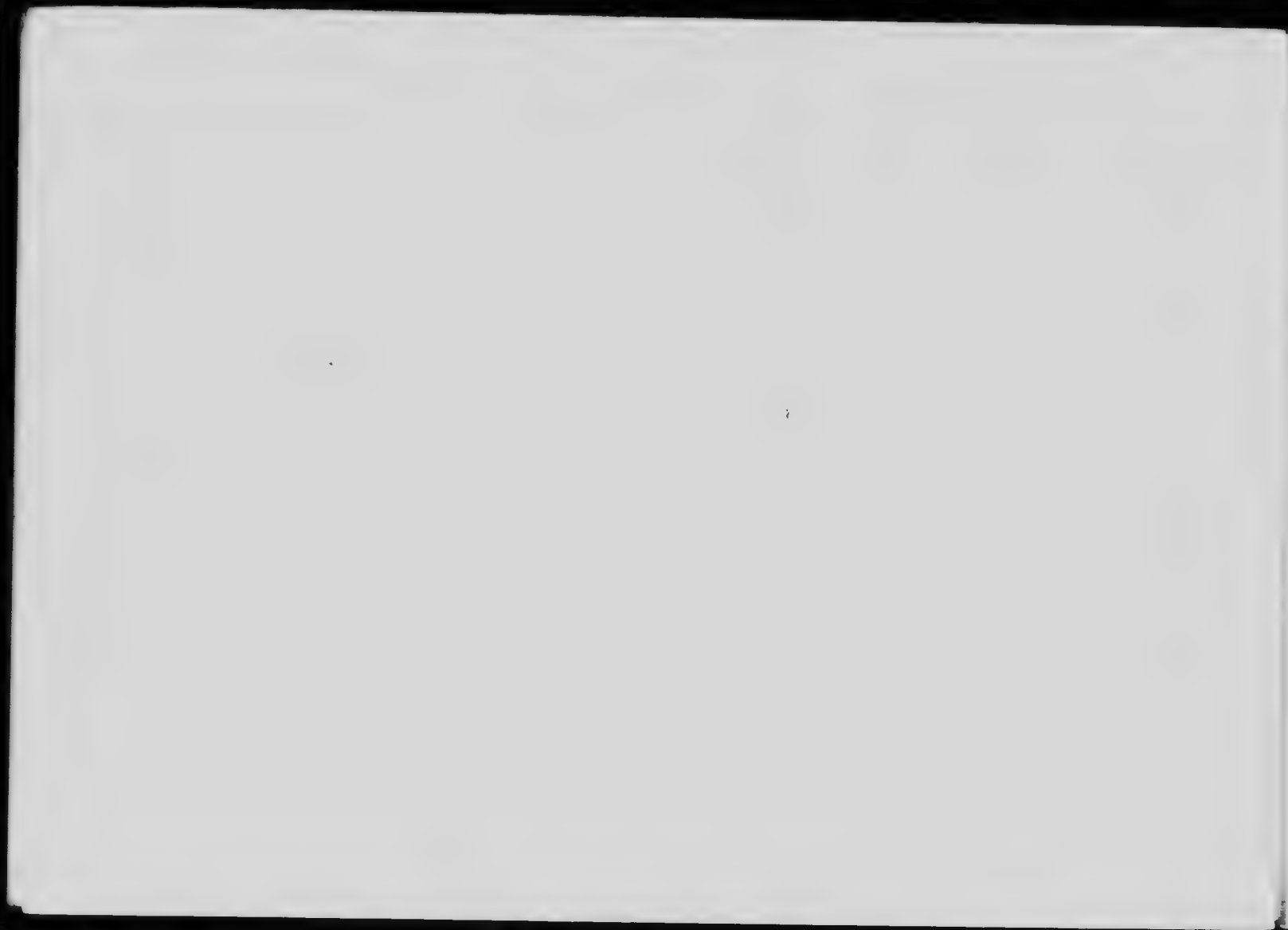


Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss

ADMIRAL Sir Rosslyn Wemyss is with King George, a great-great-grandson of William IV. Having never been appointed to the Admiralty in times of peace, he had the unique advantage of nothing to unlearn and proved his fitness for active service by his prominent part in the Battle of Jutland and his masterly handling of the landing at Gallipoli.

It is of interest to the Canadians that Admiral Wemyss commanded the convoy of the First Contingent. His answer to the German envoys who protested at the surrender of a fleet which had never been beaten, is characteristic, both of the Navy and the man. Screwing his monocle more firmly into his eye he retorted, "It had only to come out."



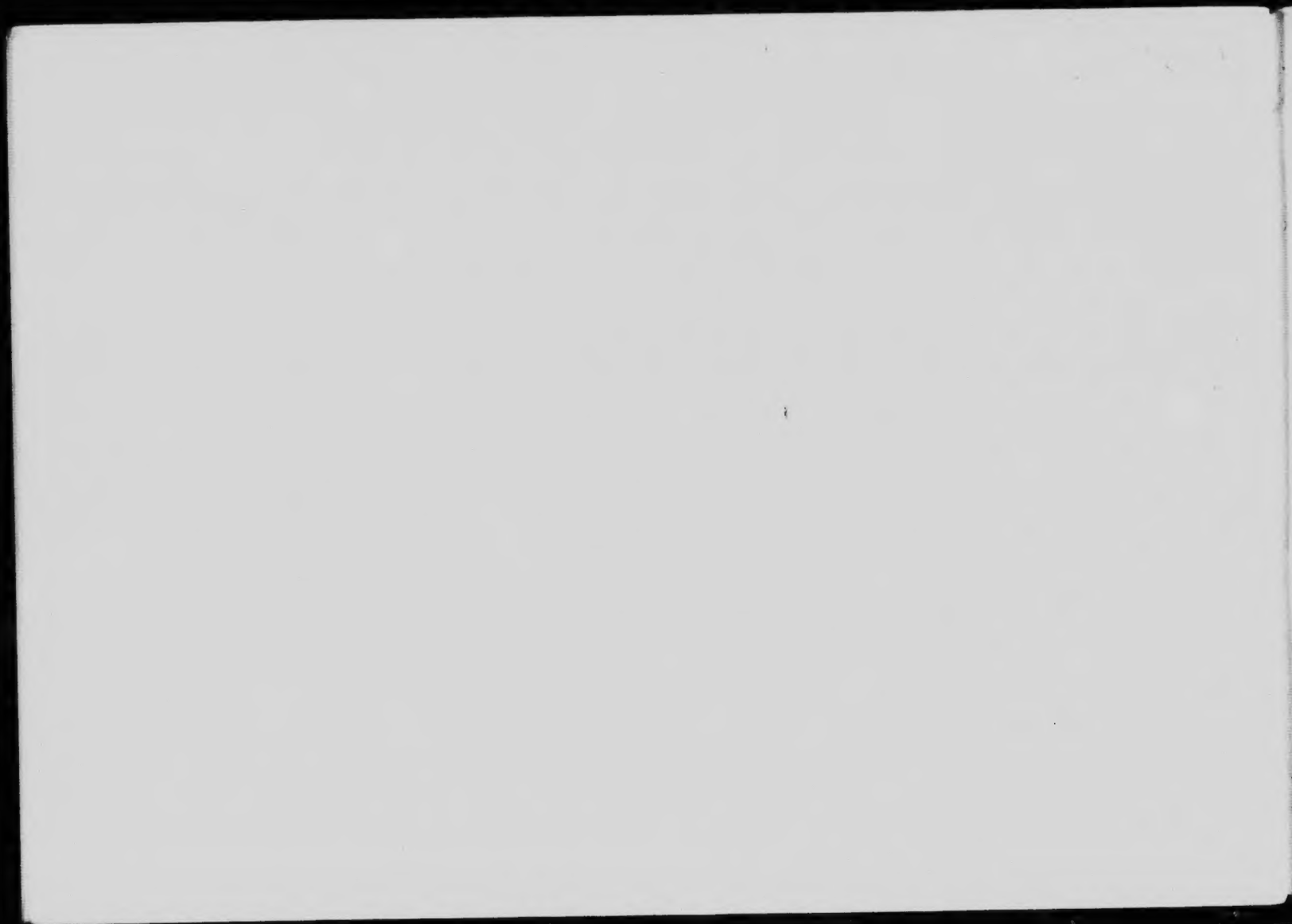


Admiral Sir David Beatty

IT took Nelson twenty-seven years to become an admiral. It took Beatty one year less, and with his appointment he brought the Nelson touch. Twice wounded he captured the Chinese forts at Tien Tsin. He demolished the Dervish batteries on the Nile and helped with his gunboat in the taking of Khartoum,—good practice for that greater glory when on three occasions his Battle Cruiser Squadron closed with swift broadsides on the Hun and drove him like a whipped cur to his kennel in the Kiel canal. “Heligoland Bight”, “Dogger Bank” and “Jutland”, now emblazon Britain’s banner beside the “Nile” and “Trafalgar”.

Let us not forget the words of this gallant Irishman prior to the surrender of the great grey German fleet, “Try to harden the heart and lengthen the memory. Remember that the enemy you are looking after is a despicable beast”. “Bravo Beatty”.









H.M.S. "Drake," Flagship of the Fleet